



52 PAGES ALL NEW ADVENTURE COMICS!

MAY NO. 11 10¢

# JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME

## THRILL 1

JACK ARMSTRONG FACES SURE DEATH  
IN THE MYSTERIOUS "LOST CITY"!



## THRILL 2

YIP GARY DUCKS THE DANGEROUS  
CASE OF THE "BLACK CAT"



## THRILL 3

JACK ARMSTRONG BATTLES OVER  
WOLFGANG GREN IN HIS "BIG BOAT"



## THRILL 4

THE THRILLING FIGHT FOR SUR-  
VIVAL IN "ALASKAN HUNTER"







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





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## THRILL 4

THE THRILLING FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL IN "ALASKAN RESCUE"!





# CHAMPIONS of the BOXING WORLD!



**WELTERWEIGHT... RAY ROBINSON!**

WELTERWEIGHT CHAMPION SINCE 1946, "SUGAR RAY" ROBINSON IS WITHOUT PEER IN BOXING SKILL AND PUNCHING POWER AMONG THE SMALLER RINGMEN. AS A MATTER OF FACT, RAY GETS MORE COMPETITION BATTLING THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS! ROBINSON HAS BEEN BEATEN ONLY ONCE IN HIS ENTIRE PRO CAREER. HE DROPPED A DECISION TO JAKE LAMOTTA IN 1943, CORRECTED THAT "ERROR" IN HIS NEXT MEETING WITH LAMOTTA!



**LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT... FREDDIE MILLS!** FIRST BRITISH BOXER SINCE THE FAMED BOB FITZIMMONS TO HOLD THE LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE, FREDDIE MILLS IS A ROUGH, TOUGH, RING-WISE MAULER! THE FIRST TIME HE MET EX-CHAMP GUS LESNEVICH, IN 1947, FREDDIE WAS DOWN FOUR TIMES IN THE SECOND ROUND ALONE. THE NEXT TIME, HE FLOORED GUS TWICE ON HIS WAY TO A 15 ROUND DECISION AND THE LIGHT-HEAVY CROWN!

**HEAVYWEIGHT... JOE LOUIS!** GREATEST PRIZEFIGHTER OF OUR GENERATION, JOE IS IN HIS 11TH YEAR AS THE MOST ACTIVE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP IN RING HISTORY! JOE TOOK THE TITLE BACK IN JUNE, 1937, ON AN 8TH ROUND KAYO OF "JERSEY JIM" BRADDOCK... HE'S DEFENDED IT SUCCESSFULLY 25 TIMES SINCE THAT DAY! 26TH TIME COMING UP!



**MIDDLEWEIGHT... MARCEL CERDAN!** CERDAN, THE CASABLANCA CLOUTER WHO HAS HELD THE CHAMPIONSHIP IN FRANCE AND EUROPE, TURNED IN THE BIGGEST FISTIC PERFORMANCE OF THE TWELVE ROUND KAYO OF TONY ZALE FOR MIDDLEWEIGHT HONORS! CERDAN FIRST ROSE TO PROMINENCE IN WARTIME INTER-ALLIED BOUTS IN NORTH AFRICA AND EUROPE, THE VICTORY OVER ZALE WAS HIS 56TH KAYO IN A LONG CLIMB TO THE TOP!

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A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

# THE LOST CITY



UNCLE JIM'S POWERFUL NEW NUCLEAR RAY-- WHICH INSTANTLY REDUCES ALL VEGETATION TO VAPOR-- IS UNDERGOING FINAL LABORATORY ADJUSTMENT BEFORE BEING TESTED IN THE FIELD THROUGH SECRET ARRANGEMENT WITH A SOUTH AMERICAN GOVERNMENT...



WELL, THAT'S IT BOYS! NOW TO INSTALL THE RAY IN OUR PLANE.

I HOPE IT WORKS AS WELL OVER THE JUNGLE AS IT DID IN THE LAB, UNCLE JIM!

A FEW DAYS LATER, DEEP IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE...



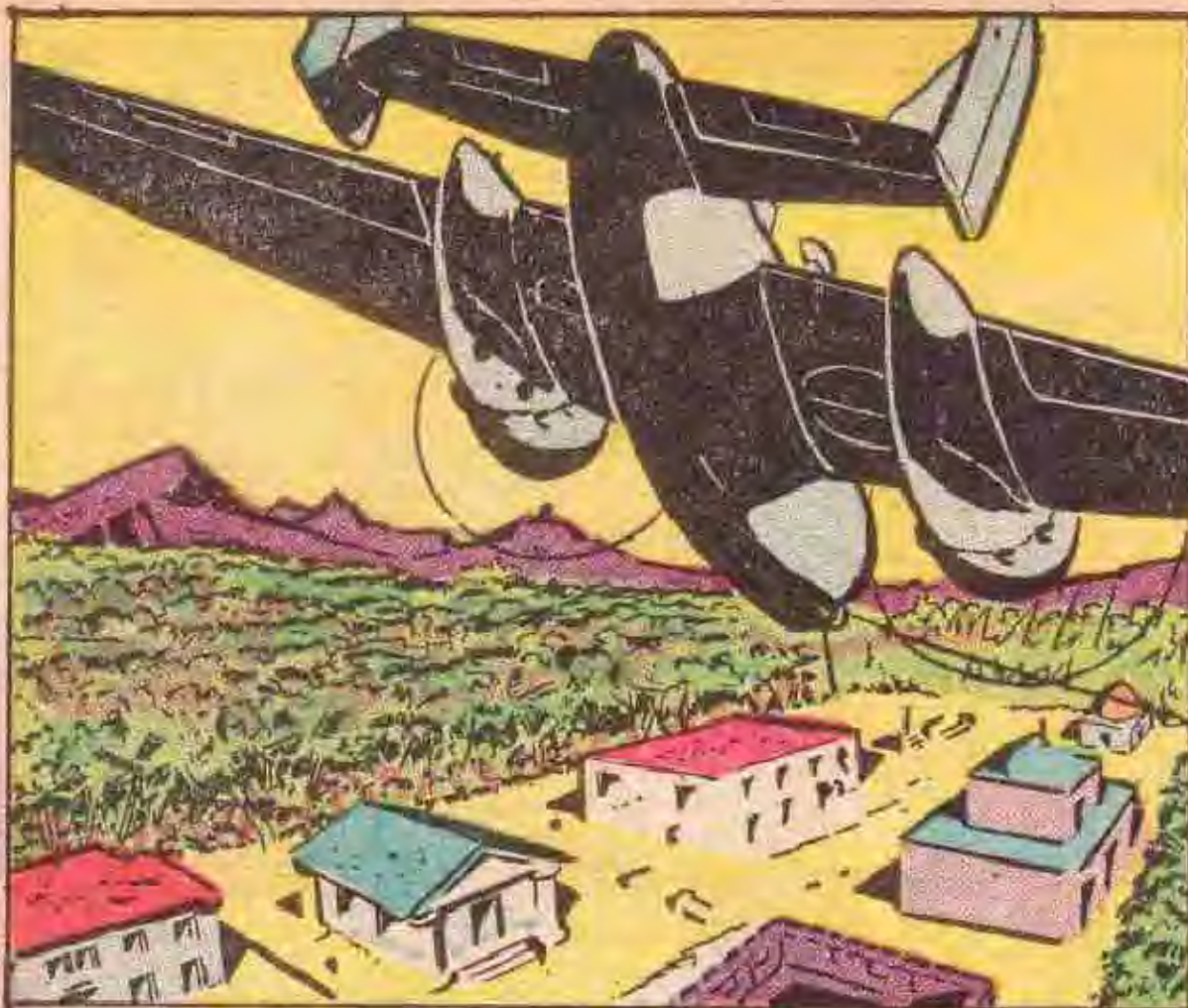




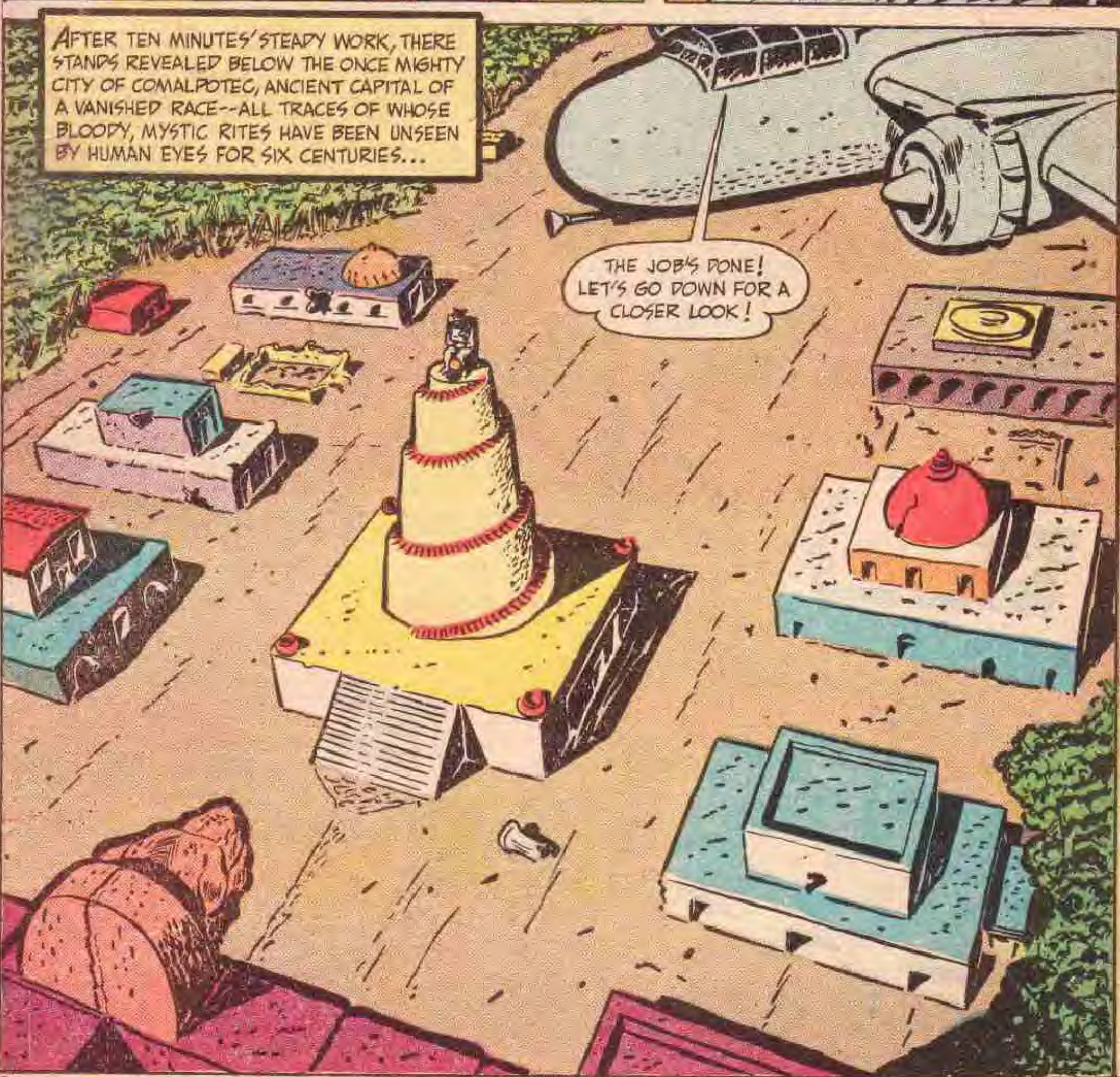








AFTER TEN MINUTES' STEADY WORK, THERE STANDS REVEALED BELOW THE ONCE MIGHTY CITY OF COMALPOTEC, ANCIENT CAPITAL OF A VANISHED RACE--ALL TRACES OF WHOSE BLOODY, MYSTIC RITES HAVE BEEN UNSEEN BY HUMAN EYES FOR SIX CENTURIES...





JACK SETS THE PLANE DOWN ON A BROAD AVENUE IN THE HEART OF THE CITY



BETTY AND I WILL STAY WITH THE PLANE WHILE YOU THREE DO SOME EXPLORING. REPORT BACK IN AN HOUR.



SEÑORES, I SUGGEST THAT FIRST WE LOOK INTO THE GREAT SACRIFICIAL TEMPLE WE SAW FROM THE AIR IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY. THERE MAY BE MUCH GOLD THERE.

THAT'S FOR ME!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT THE TOP OF THE SACRIFICIAL TEMPLE...

THIS OVERSIZED MAN-HOLE COVER LOOKS LIKE SOLID GOLD!

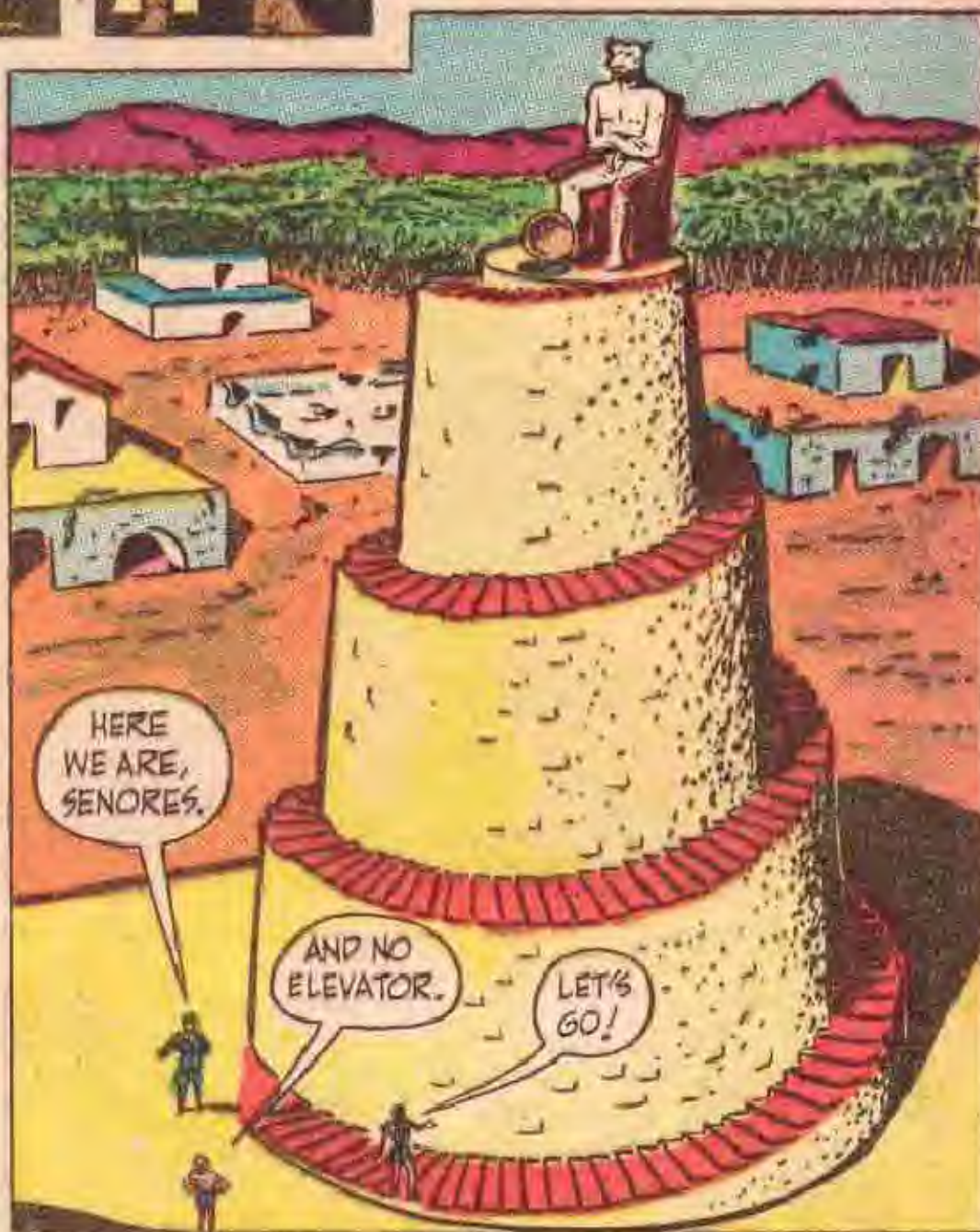
IT MUST BE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM. WHAT'S THE OPENING FOR?



HERE WE ARE, SEÑORES.

AND NO ELEVATOR.

LET'S GO!



THE DEMON-WORSHIPPERS WOULD HOLD BARBARIC CEREMONIES UP HERE AND THEN SACRIFICE VICTIMS BY HURLING THEM DOWN TO THE JAGGED ROCKS FAR BELOW AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS SHAFT...



JACK AND BILLY ARE ABSORBED IN THIS ACCOUNT OF THE DEMON-WORSHIPPERS WHEN SUDDENLY...







MEANWHILE, JACK AND BILLY, SAVED FROM BEING SMASHED ON SHARP ROCKS BY DEEP WATER WHICH HAS ACCUMULATED IN THE MURKY DEPTHS OF THE SACRIFICIAL PIT, FIND THEMSELVES IMPRISONED. THE SMOOTH WALLS OFFER NO GRIP, AND THE YOUNG ATHLETES FACE THE GRIM PROSPECT OF SLOW EXHAUSTION THEN QUICK DEATH BY DROWNING.



WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE SOMEHOW AND WARN BETTY AND UNCLE JIM!

OKAY, JACK OLD PAL. YOU GO FIRST.. I'M KINDA ALL AT SEA!

AS JACK FRANTICALLY SEEKS A GRIP ON THE WALL, HE PUSHES A STONE BLOCK-- WHICH GIVES!



AND THEN...



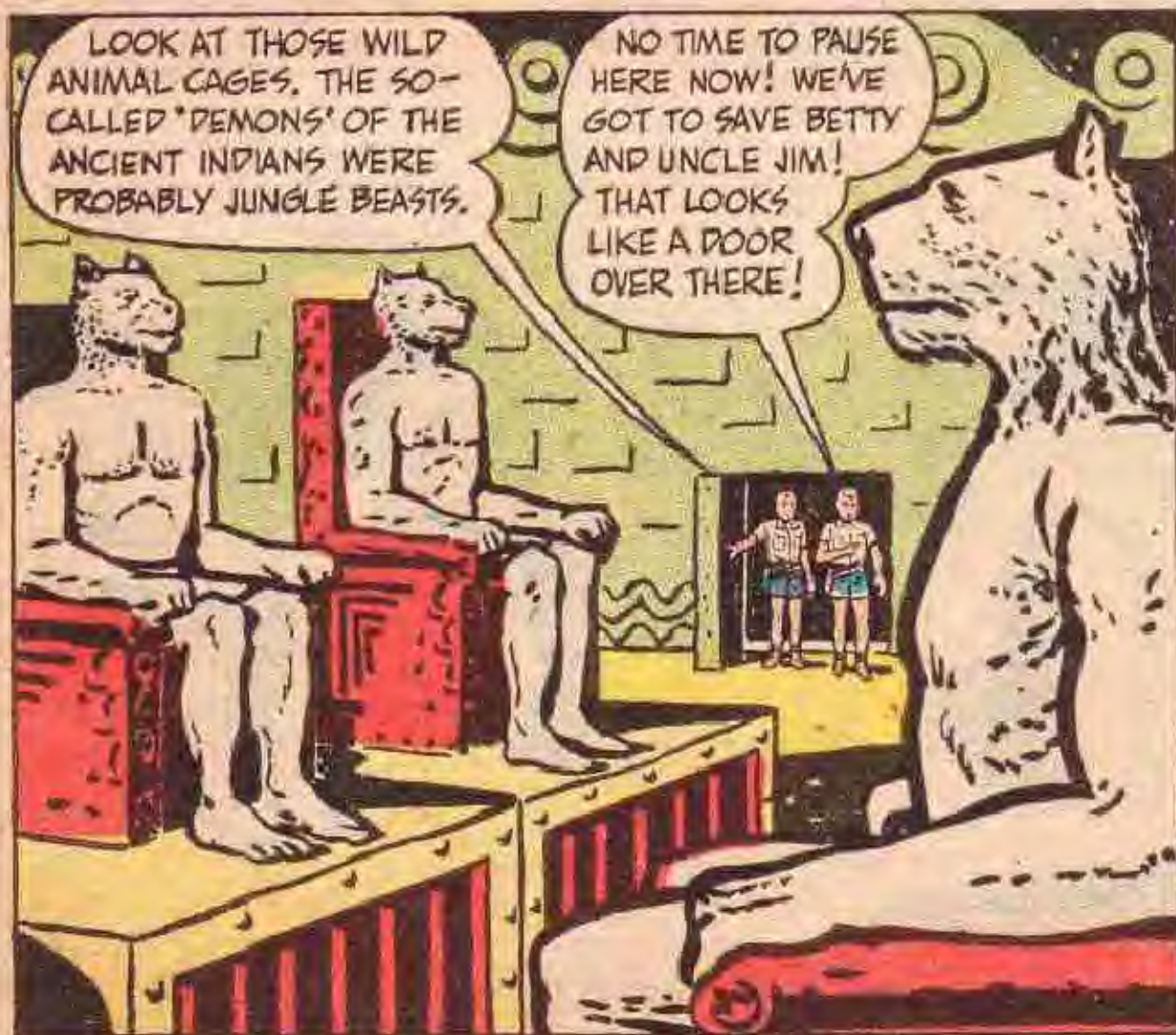
JEEPERS! A SECRET DOOR!

THIS SEEMS TO LEAD TO A MAIN ROOM OF THE TEMPLE. THE PAGAN PRIESTS MUST HAVE USED THIS PASSAGEWAY TO REMOVE BODIES FROM THE PIT.



LOOK AT THOSE WILD ANIMAL CAGES. THE SO-CALLED 'DEMONS' OF THE ANCIENT INDIANS WERE PROBABLY JUNGLE BEASTS.

NO TIME TO PAUSE HERE NOW! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE BETTY AND UNCLE JIM! THAT LOOKS LIKE A DOOR OVER THERE!



AS THEY START TOWARD IT...



JACK, LOOK OUT!





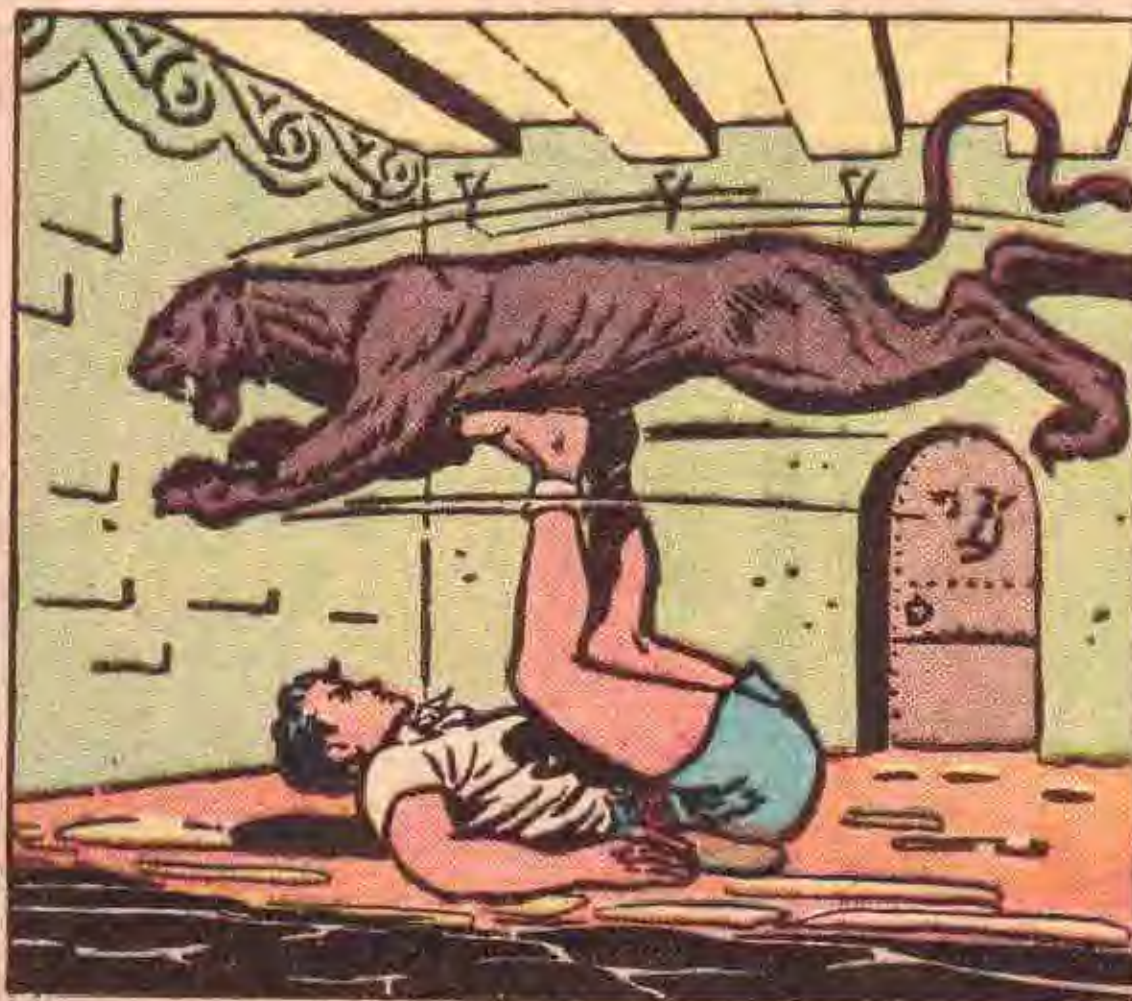
IN THIS MOMENT OF PERIL, THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY CALLS UPON THE SPEED OF HIS FINELY CONDITIONED REFLEXES.



THIS WILL TAKE SOME TEAMWORK. I'LL TRY A LITTLE JUDO.

RIGHT! TOO BAD OUR GUNS GOT WET.

WITH A FURIOUS ROAR, THE BEAST AGAIN LAUNCHES HIS DEADLY, STEEL-MUSCLED BULK AT JACK....



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

NOW'S THE TIME, BILLY!











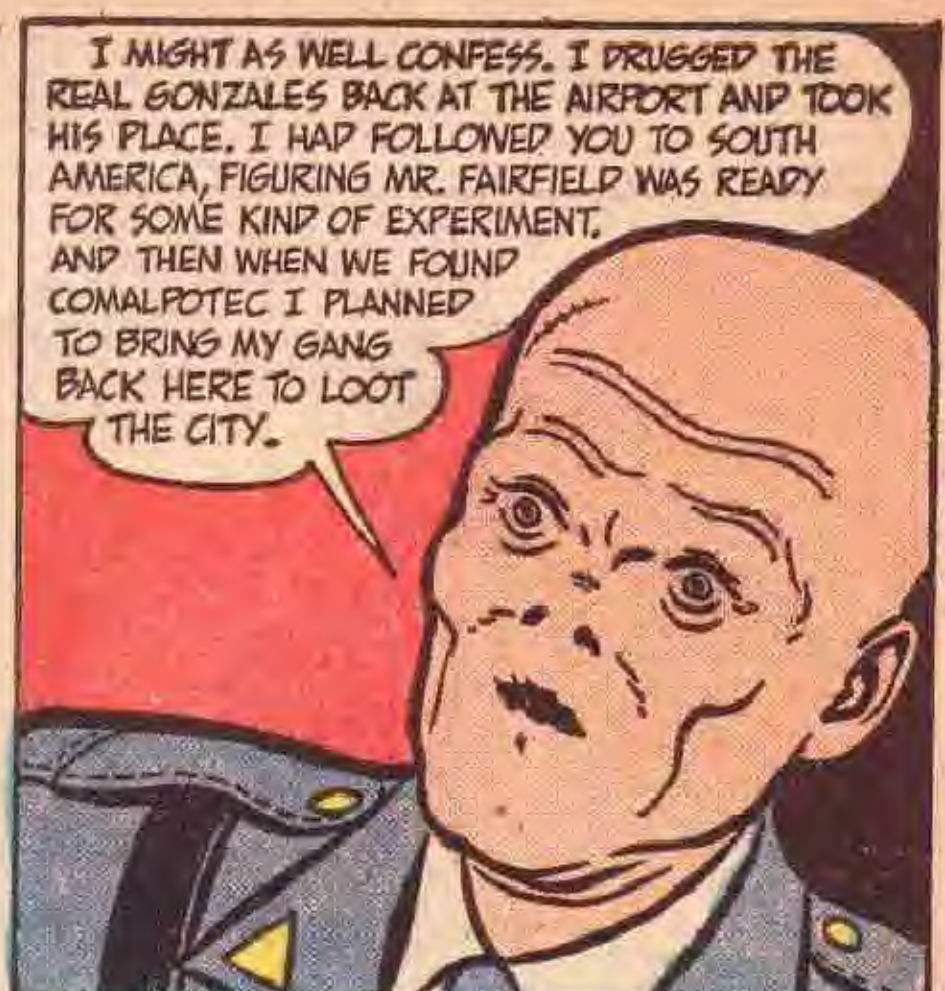




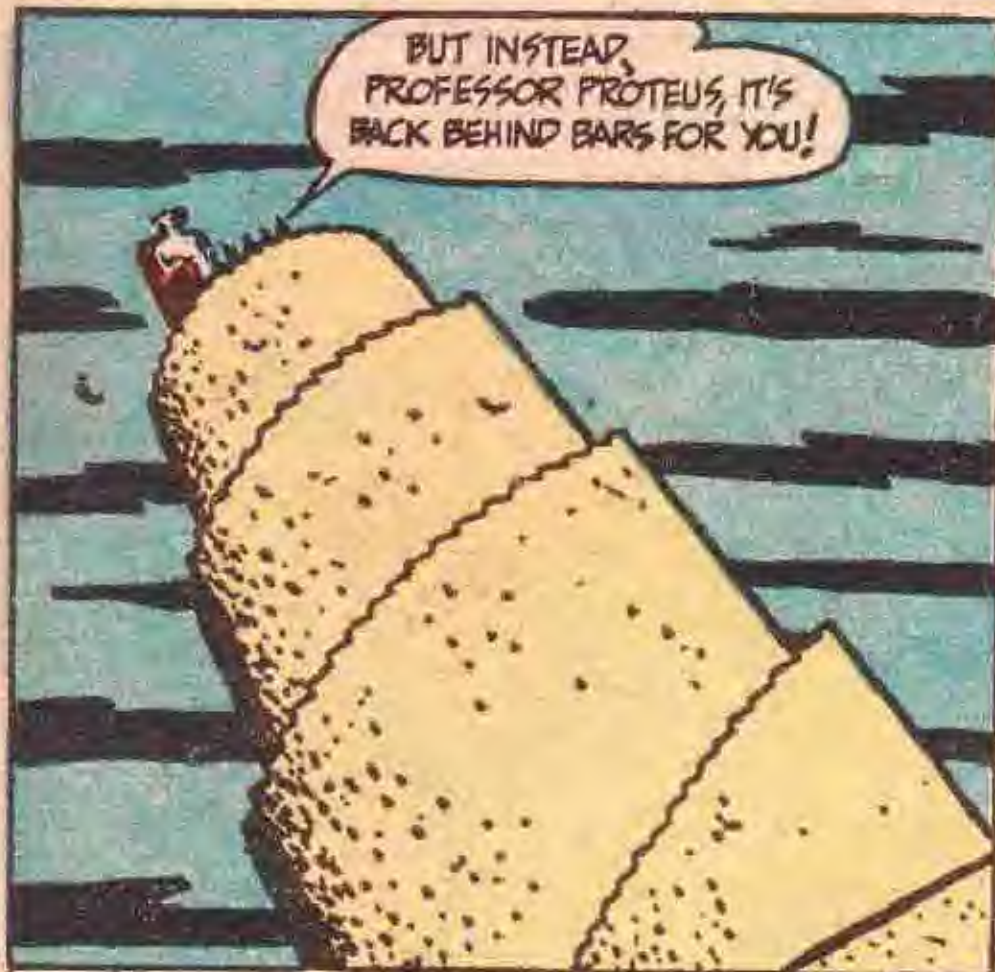


BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REAL COLONEL GONZALES?

I'M SURE THE PROFESSOR WILL EXPLAIN THAT.



I MIGHT AS WELL CONFESS. I DRUGGED THE REAL GONZALES BACK AT THE AIRPORT AND TOOK HIS PLACE. I HAD FOLLOWED YOU TO SOUTH AMERICA, FIGURING MR. FAIRFIELD WAS READY FOR SOME KIND OF EXPERIMENT. AND THEN WHEN WE FOUND COMALPOTEC I PLANNED TO BRING MY GANG BACK HERE TO LOOT THE CITY.



BUT INSTEAD, PROFESSOR PROTEUS, IT'S BACK BEHIND BARS FOR YOU!



YOU AND BETTY ARE ALL OKAY, AREN'T YOU, UNCLE JIM?

YES, WE'RE FINE, THANKS TO YOU AND JACK! BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER CALL IT A DAY!

AND SO OUR FRIENDS RETURN TEMPORARILY TO CIVILIZATION...



WELL, WE CERTAINLY DID UNCOVER SOME TREASURE ON THIS ADVENTURE--IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

YES--AND THE GREATEST TREASURE WE'VE UNCOVERED LIES IN THE RICH LAND OF OUR GOOD NEIGHBOR--LAND WHICH UP TO NOW HAS LAIN USELESS BENEATH THE IMPASSABLE JUNGLE.

BOY--I'D SURE HATE TO TRY TO CLEAR THAT WITH A LAWNMOWER!





# Vic Hardy's CRIMELAB

HEY, EDDIE,  
IT'S A  
SMASHUP!

VIC HARDY SAYS: "THIS PUZZLER CAME TO MY ATTENTION WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH AND LED ME ALONG AN UNEXPLORED TRAIL OF CLUES. CHIEF DALE REFERS TO IT AS 'THE RACKET ON WHEELS' BUT TO ME, IT'S ALWAYS BEEN... THE CASE OF *THE X-RAY EYE*."

**CRASH!**

BYSTANDERS RUSH TO THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER...

HE CAME RIGHT AT ME...  
I COULDN'T TURN  
AWAY!

LOOK AT THAT  
LANCASTER! THE  
FRONT'S FOLDED  
LIKE AN  
ACCORDION!

STAND BACK, FOLKS!  
DON'T TRY TO MOVE,  
MISTER... HERE COMES  
THE AMBULANCE NOW!



THE AMBULANCE CARRIES OFF THE CRACKUP VICTIM...

I'LL SUE YOU FOR EVERY CENT YOU'VE GOT... OR EVER WILL HAVE! START NOTIFYING YOUR INSURANCE COMPANY.



IN THE OFFICE OF THE HIGHWAY INSURANCE COMPANY...

THIS SEEMS TO BE OPEN SEASON FOR COLLISIONS... TEN CLAIMS SO FAR THIS MONTH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

MISS ROGERS, WILL YOU GET ME VIC HARDY OF THE SCIENTIFIC BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION?



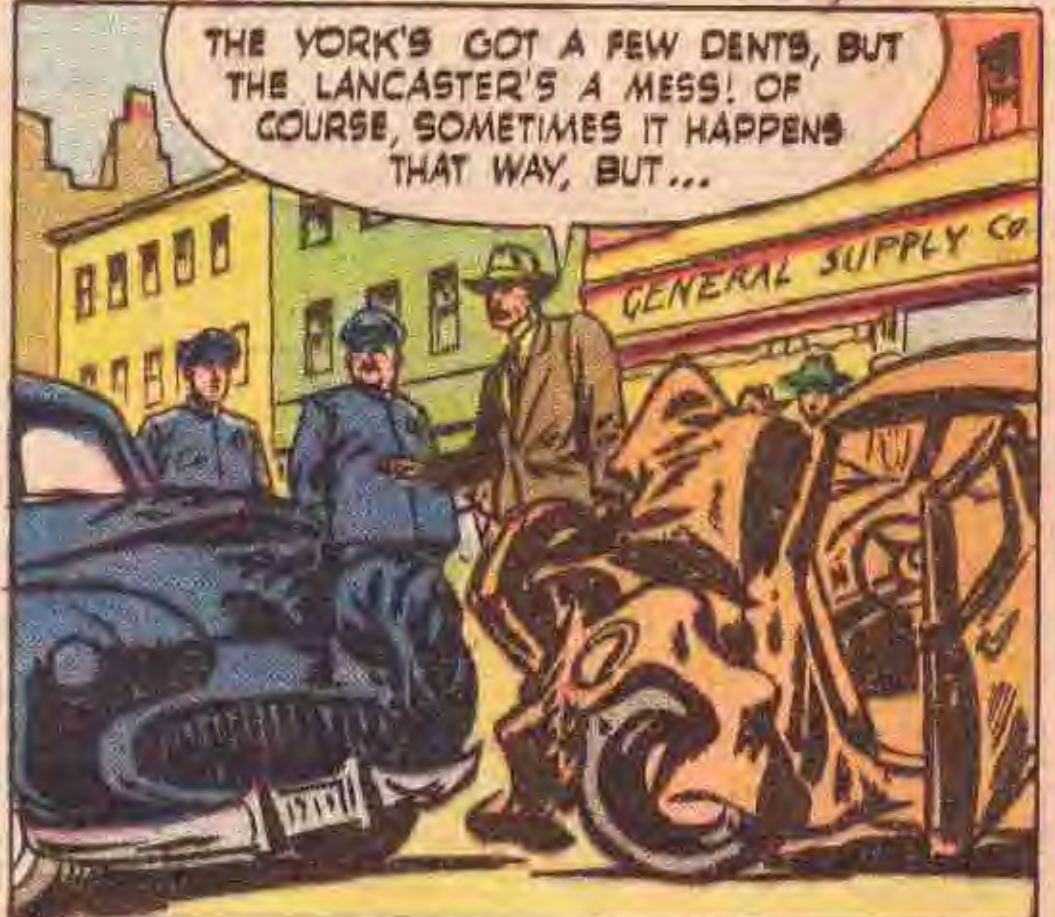
THE SCIENCE SLEUTH GOES TO WORK.

HERE'S THE SCENE OF THE SMASHUP, VIC, AND THERE, AS YOU SEE, ARE THE "BODIES."

HMMM... SEE ANYTHING CURIOUS, CHIEF DALE?



THE YORK'S GOT A FEW DENTS, BUT THE LANCASTER'S A MESS! OF COURSE, SOMETIMES IT HAPPENS THAT WAY, BUT...



SEEN ENOUGH, VIC?

I THINK SO. I'LL JUST TAKE SOME OF THESE FENDER SCRAPS AS SOUVENIRS. COLD STEEL MAY GIVE US COLD FACTS.



VIC'S STILL AFTER COLD FACTS AN HOUR LATER...

MR. PURVIS? I'M VIC HARDY OF THE S.B.I.

WHAT CAN WE DO FOR YOU, SIR?





THERE'S ONE QUESTION I'D LIKE ANSWERED. HOW MUCH PUNISHMENT CAN YOUR CAR TAKE ?

SUPPOSE YOU FOLLOW ME, MR. HARDY, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF !

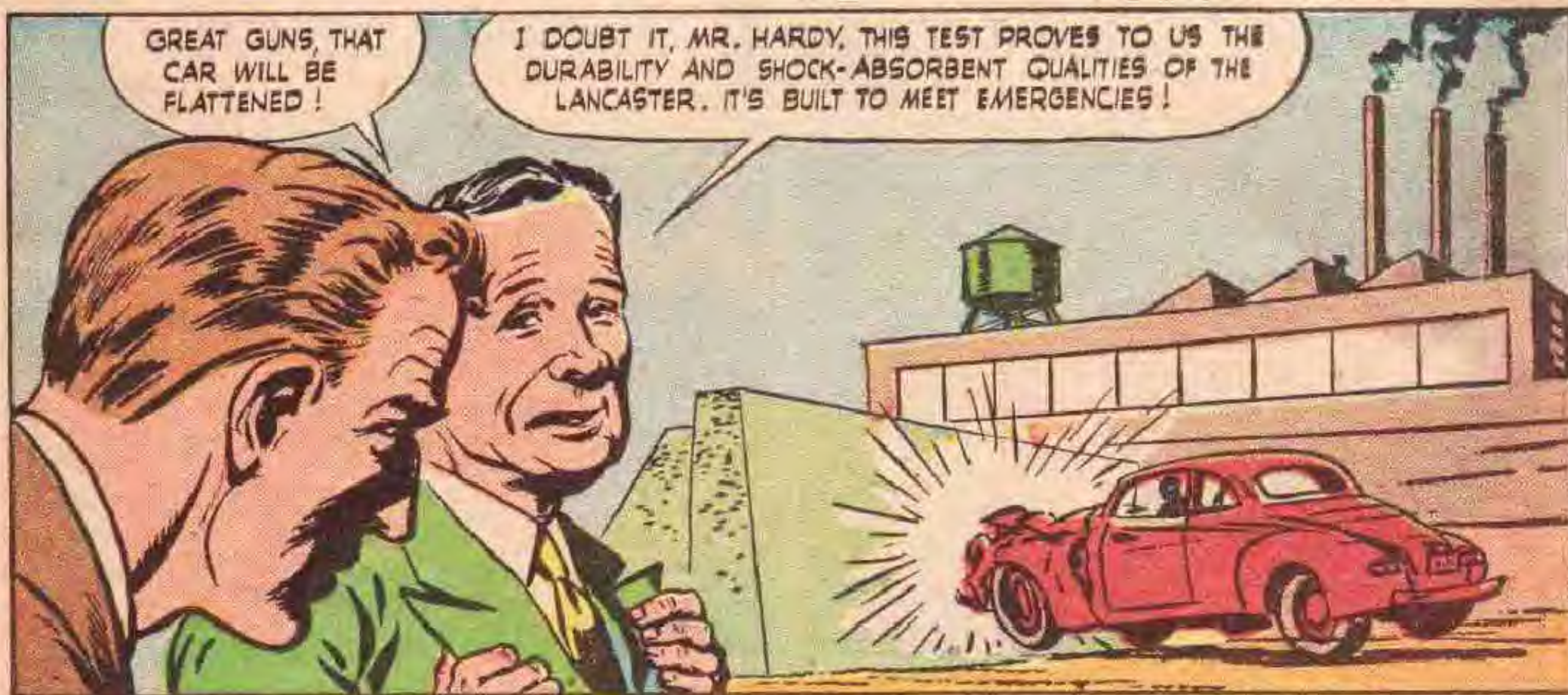


THIS LANCASTER IS RUNNING ON A TEST COURSE. AS YOU CAN SEE, THE TRACK IS BADLY BANKED, UNEVEN AND, IN SPOTS, SLIPPERY.



GREAT GUNS, THAT CAR WILL BE FLATTENED !

I DOUBT IT, MR. HARDY. THIS TEST PROVES TO US THE DURABILITY AND SHOCK-ABSORBENT QUALITIES OF THE LANCASTER. IT'S BUILT TO MEET EMERGENCIES !



HERE'S ONE THAT DUPLICATES A COMMON ACCIDENT, BUT THE LANCASTER TAKES IT ALL IN STRIDE .

THANKS, MR. PURVIS, YOU'VE ANSWERED MY QUESTION. THERE'S JUST ONE MORE THING .



MAY I HAVE SOME STEEL SCRAPS FROM A LANCASTER FENDER ? ANY SIZE WILL DO .

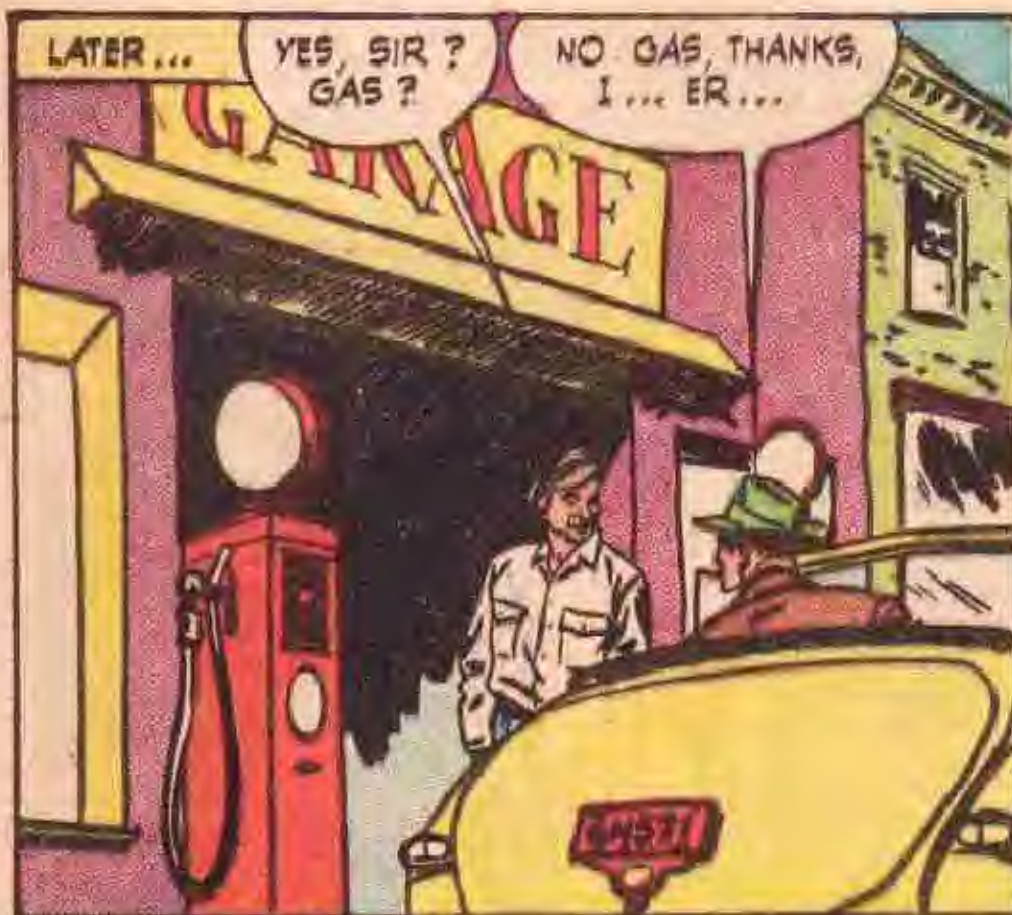
GLAD TO OBLIGE, MR. HARDY. I SEE YOU'RE CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT OF YOUR OWN !







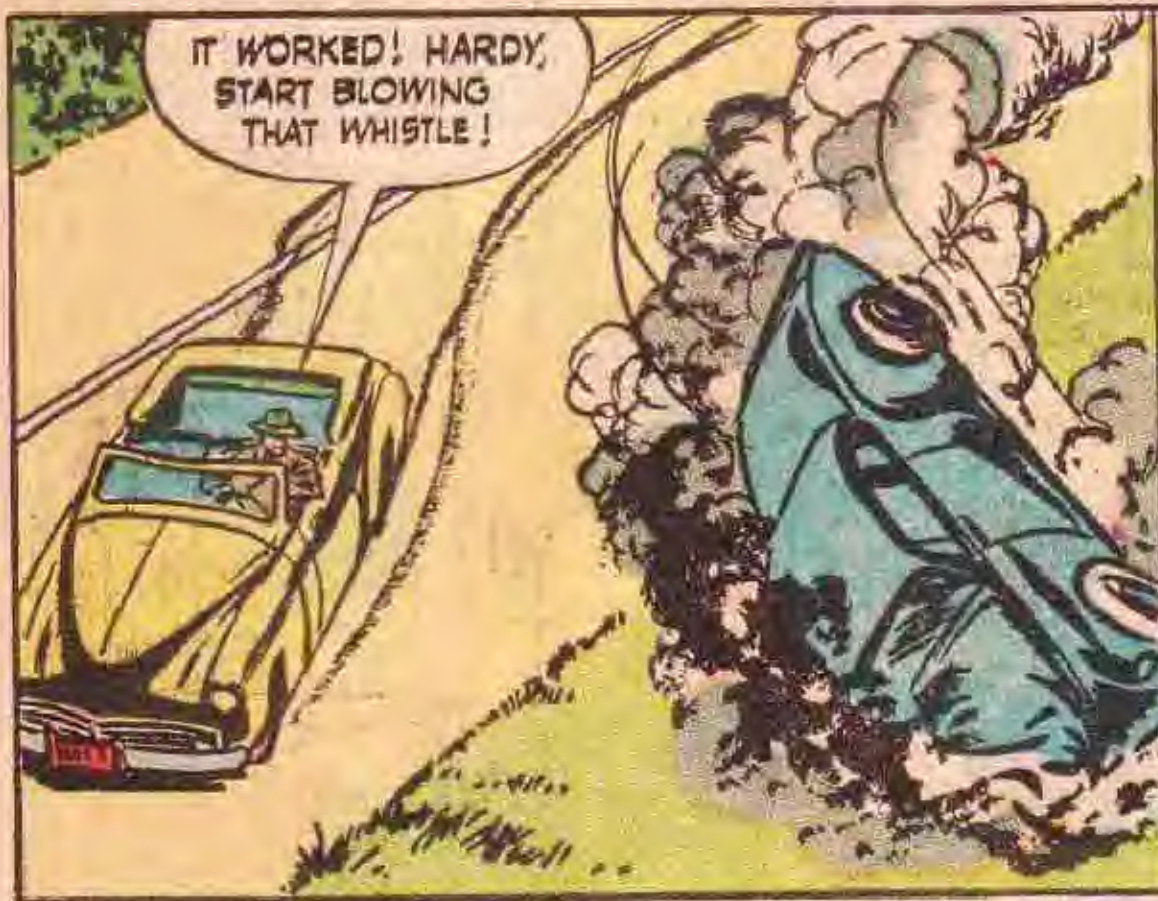












IT WORKED! HARDY,  
START BLOWING  
THAT WHISTLE!



HERE THEY ARE, BOYS... AND  
ATTEMPTED MURDER IS ONLY ONE  
OF THE CHARGES!



I DON'T LIKE  
TO GET TOUGH,  
BUT...

COME ON,  
CRAWL OUTTA  
THERE!

ALL RIGHT, VIC,  
WHAT'S THE  
LOWDOWN?



IT'S SIMPLE, CHIEF. THESE BOYS  
RIGGED UP A RACKET OUT OF FAKE  
VICTIMS AND FAULTY STEEL THAT  
WOULD COLLAPSE EASILY. THEN,  
THEY WENT LOOKING FOR  
"ACCIDENTS" AND  
INSURANCE!

ACCIDENTS OF  
THEIR OWN  
MAKING, EH,  
VIC?



THAT'S RIGHT, CHIEF. IN A WAY, IT'S IRONICAL  
THAT THOSE CROOKS WERE CAUGHT IN ONE  
OF THEIR PHONY CARS... A TRAP OF  
THEIR OWN MAKING!



# BOB LEMON

STAR PITCHER  
OF WORLD  
CHAMPION  
CLEVELAND  
INDIANS



PICKED BY  
SPORTING NEWS AS  
TOP PITCHER IN AMERICAN  
LEAGUE LAST SEASON, LEMON  
WAS A TWENTY GAME WINNER.  
ADDED TWO MORE VICTORIES IN  
WORLD SERIES.

WHO SEZ  
PITCHERS CAN'T  
HIT!



SWITCHED FROM  
OUTFIELD TO PITCHING,  
LEMON TOOK BATTING  
EYE WITH HIM.  
BELTED FIVE HOME  
RUNS LAST SEASON!



LEMON'S AMAZING  
RECORD INCLUDED TEN SHUTOUTS.  
REACHED PEAK WHEN HE TAMED  
DETROIT TIGERS WITH BRILLIANT  
NO-HIT, NO-RUN PERFORMANCE.

JUST IN CASE---



LEMON WAS HARDEST-WORKING  
PITCHER IN AMERICAN LEAGUE.  
PITCHED 294 INNINGS - SPARKED  
CLEVELAND'S PENNANT DRIVE.  
"I CALL ON WHEATIES OFTEN,"  
SAYS BOB. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT  
FLAKES TASTE SWELL, AND  
GIVE YOU REAL NOURISHMENT."

WHEATIES

**BREAKFAST**  
OF  
**CHAMPIONS**  
WITH MILK  
AND FRUIT



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# Billy Breaks the ICE

BILLY AND HIS PAL, HORACE, HAVE TAKEN THE SKI-TRAIN TO THE BIG WINTER CARNIVAL AT DARTFOOT COLLEGE ...

THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE SNOW BUSINESS!

REET! ME FOR THE WIDE OPEN SPACES!

HOW CAN HE EVEN THINK ABOUT WIDE OPEN SPACES AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

ALL OUT FOR DARTFOOT!

PUT AWAY THAT PHYSICS BOOK, HORACE—WE'RE HERE!

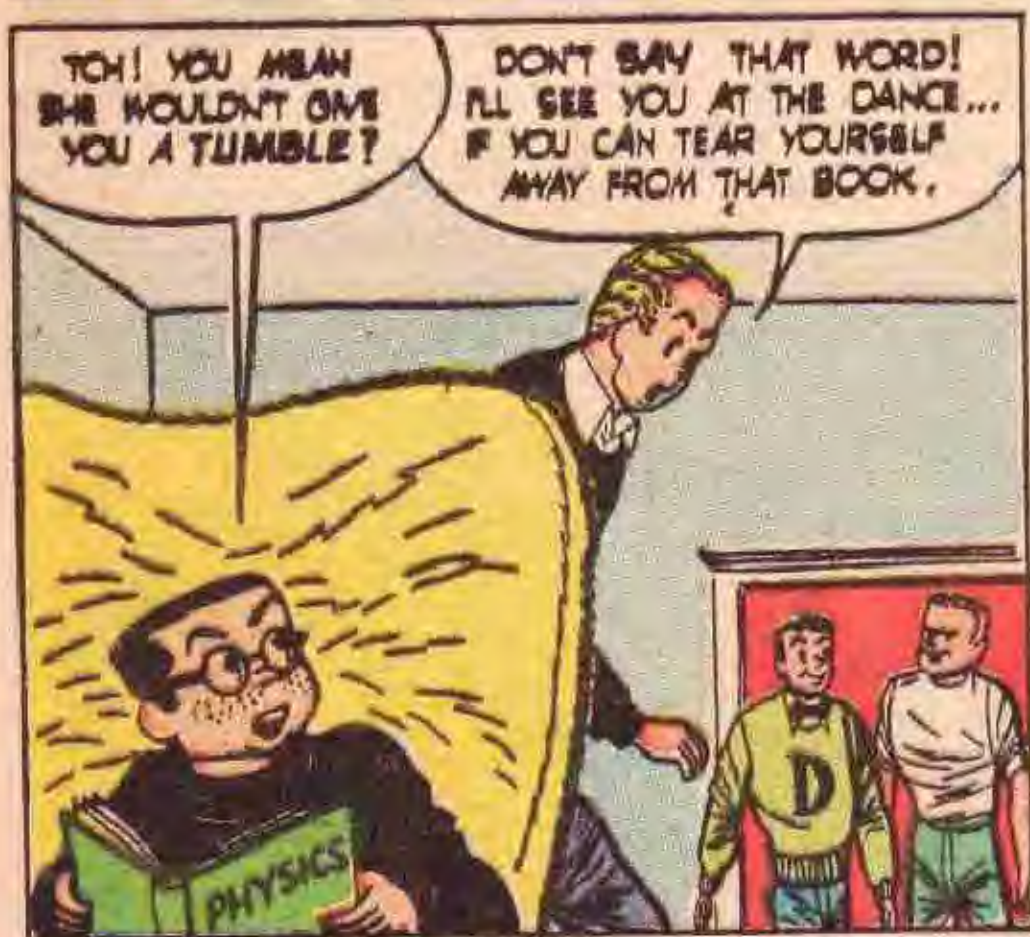
WOW! THE SCENERY UP HERE IS TERRIFIC!

WHEN YOU'VE SEEN ONE LAKE YOU'VE SEEN 'EM ALL, I ALWAYS SAY!





















Using his shotgun for a bat, Arnie struck at the  
gangster. The bullet tore into the wall behind him.



# Return of the Outlaw

With an empty shotgun, but a heart loaded with courage, young Arnie Parker faced a desperate man-killing outlaw . . .

**A**LARM shook the breath out of Arnie Parker when he saw his father, leaning heavily on the pommel, riding toward the U Bar U ranch. Arnie kicked a rowel into his buckskin's flank and sped across the sage at full gallop.

As he drew near, Arnie noticed the pallor beneath his father's wind-and-sun tan. Fear almost choking him, he asked, "Are you shot, dad? You didn't meet Lefty Blackburn?"

Ethan Parker shook his head. "They told me at Tensleep that Lennard's posse trailed the killer as far as Carved Rock canyon. That means Blackburn's headed this way. He knows I won't rest till he's jailed or dead and I figure he's aiming to surprise us. May even pull in here, come dark."

The stocky young rancher turned his buckskin and together father and son rode toward the ranch buildings, already gray in the October shadows. Behind them the Wyoming Big Horns reared high to capture the lingering warmth of the sun. It was a red sun sinking into thunderheads, foretelling a coming storm.

Holding worried hazel eyes on his parent, Arnie said, "Dad, you're sick."

Ethan Parker forced a smile to relieve the pain that creased his tight face. "The way I ache, I should be riding the bed wagon. It's my old liver trouble."

"Why don't you go to town to

see Doc Morral?"

"With your mother away, looking after her ailing sister at Drayton?" He shook his head. "I can't leave you alone."

"I'll take care of the stock."

"And run the BG steers off the range and wire the busted fence and patch the reservoir?" Ethan Parker stiffened as another spasm of pain bolted through his thin body. "You're forgetting Lefty Blackburn, son. He's a tricky coyote and he'd shoot you in the back if he caught you alone. Just like he shot my brother Mel in that Worland bank holdup."

**W**HEN they reached the log ranch-house, Mr. Parker slid wearily from his mount. "Put up the hosses, Arnie. I'll rest a bit."

Arnie hesitated as he watched his father stagger to the doorway and lean there to unbuckle his holster. Should he gallop the ten miles to Hyattville for Dr. Morral? That was risky; his father might become worse while alone. And what if Killer Blackburn showed up and found him helpless?

First he must care for the horses, he knew, and so he trotted them to the stable. Taking a pitchfork, he climbed a ladder to the hayloft and began tossing alfalfa to the floor.

Just a week had passed, Arnie remembered, since Sheriff Jack Lennard had ridden out to the U Bar U ranch to tell them that

Blackburn had slain Mel Parker. Neglecting his ranch day after day, Ethan Parker had searched the hills and canyons for Lefty's hideout, giving no thought to the thousand-dollar reward on the outlaw's head, intent only on avenging his brother's death.

Just thinking about the gunman sent shivers through Arnie Parker. He wondered what he'd do if he ever met Blackburn. He'd like to trap him and collect that reward. A thousand dollars would buy fencing and other things needed for the ranch.

He worked steadily until he had pitched a mound of hay on the floor beneath him. Pausing for breath, he noticed the day had grown darker; the storm would break soon.

Suddenly he became aware of a horse approaching the rear of the stable. Saddle leather creaked and spurs jingled as a rider dismounted. Then Arnie saw a dusty sombrero inch past the door-post. Wide shoulders appeared, then a man stepped cautiously inside. A .45 Colt revolver flashed on his left thigh.

"It's Lefty Blackburn!" Arnie gasped to himself.

Quickly stabling his spotted gelding, the outlaw hid a bulging canvas bag in the oats bin. Then, his back to Arnie, he moved toward the doorway, drew his gun and appeared ready to sprint to the ranch-house where Ethan Parker lay racked in pain.



Arnie trembled with fear and excitement. He had to save his father, in desperation, he acted with reckless courage.

Gripping his pitchfork as though it were a Winchester, he leaped out of the bedroom, jamming the fork handle into Blackburn's broad back before the outlaw could turn. He shouted, "Drop your gun before I blow a hole—"

Rocked by surprise, the outlaw let his revolver thud to the floor. He started to swivel his head but a hard jab from the pitchfork stopped him.

"Look straight ahead!" Arnie growled to hide the tremor in his voice. "Get your hands up!"

As the outlaw pushed his hands over his head, Arnie began to pick up the revolver, but he dared not ease the pressure on Blackburn's back an instant. He had to waver through his bluff.

"Walk! Walk to the house! Move!" Denting Blackburn's shoulders with his make-believe gun, Arnie hurried his captive from the stable. The seconds were minutes, every yard seemed a mile before the ranch-house beam of light faded. Then Arnie cried, "Dad... Dad! Open the door. And have the shotgun handy."

Shotgun? Arnie's nerve almost left him as he suddenly remembered the .12-gauge was empty. He'd fired the last shells yesterday at some mailrats. But Blackburn didn't have to know that, any more than he had to know the "Winchester" was a pitchfork.

Pale with pain, Ethan Parker pulled open the door, shotgun in hand. Arnie saw surprise seize him as he recognized the outlaw. His thin lips tightened as he jerked up the muzzle to cover Lefty Blackburn's stomach.

"Step in, Blackburn. And mind your manners."

Arnie whispered to his father, received a nod and hurried back to the stable. Retrieving the killer's revolver, he sped to the house, peering in as his father collapsed across the table.

"Don't you move!" Arnie said, pointing the shotgun at the outlaw seated against the livingroom wall. "Try any fancy business and it'll be your last."

Lefty's eyes contracted to steel-gray beads of hate but he said

nothing. Breathing painfully, Ethan Parker sat up.

"Dad, you've got to make Hyattsville and to the sheriff we've got Blackburn here," Arnie urged. "Then go see Doc Morris; he'll fix you up." Anxiously, he added, "Can you make it, Dad?"

His father arched himself to light a coal oil lamp above the table and its yellow glow melted the room's gray dusk. "I'll be starting soon, Arnie, but I'll make it to town, somehow." He studied his son a moment. "You can handle Lefty?"

"Of course. I've got this shotgun and the .12-gauge."

"Just don't fool with him. The first provoked move he makes, let him have it with both barrels." He struggled into a slicker and fixed the outlaw, hunking on his holster. "Lefty, shooting's too good for you. You'll get worse if you harm the boy."

The outlaw's lips spread, "You don't scare me, Parker."

The rancher paused at the door. "Arnie, the sheriff should be here in two hours. Don't take your gun off that bureau for a minute while I'm gone."

**A**RNIE dragged the table in front of Blackburn, placed the unloaded shotgun upon it and sat with finger on the shotgun's trigger. As they eyed each other, silent and wary, Arnie could fairly see Lefty's wily mind mulling over a scheme to swindle him.

Lightning stabbed the darkness and an avalanche of thunder released the storm. Rain and wind

swathed about the house and a cynical smile settled on the outlaw's face. "Your father'll never make Hyattsville, fella. He's sick and you let him start out in this weather. A fine son, you are! He's probably laying out in the mud somewhere, dying."

Arnie choked down a lump in his throat and said without conviction, "He'll get there. A little rain won't trouble him."

After a furious hour, the storm settled in a steady downpour. Again Blackburn broke the room's silence. "Want to make some money, fella? A nice big chunk?"

Arnie was silent.

"You let me clear out and I'll give you a thousand—no, I'll make it two thousand dollars. I've got it in my saddle bag."

Arnie's lips pushed out in contempt. "That's not your money. You killed my uncle and stole it from him. I wouldn't take a cent."

Lefty growled, "Just a dumb punk, like I thought." He closed his eyes and soon began to snore gently. Straining for the sound of approaching hooves, Arnie Parker sat painfully tense. A dozen times he thought he heard hoofbeats. He jumped when the outlaw said, "I'm hungry, fella. Let's eat."

"I don't want anything."

"Well, I do. Let me fix a little grub for myself."

Arnie considered the request. He was stiff and sleepy and if he moved around he'd overcome his drowsiness. At last he said, "I'll let you fry eggs and make coffee. There's lots of bread. But don't

(Continued on last page)



MEMORIZE THAT MESSAGE I SENT OUT IN A BOTTLE LOOKING ALL THE ANSWERS I GOT



PSSST, BETTY--  
HOW D'YA SPELL  
SOUP?

Z-L-O-U-P...

I'D LOOP  
THE LOOP  
FOR  
BETTY CROCKER  
SOUP!

THAT'S HOW IT  
SOUNDS WHEN  
MY BROTHER  
EATS IT!

TIME FOR LUNCH!  
BRING THE BUNCH--  
IT'S  
BETTY CROCKER  
SOUP!

**BETTY CROCKER SOUP  
IS SOUPER!**

**Swell for Quickie Lunches!**  
Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup—country vegetables, egg noodles, meat-flavored broth. Easy cooking. Also the Betty Crocker Green Split Pea Soup—hearty, nourishing—ready in 5 minutes. Ask for them. Betty Crocker Soup Ingredients.

Mom! Beautiful silverware easily!  
Queen Bess pattern—Tudor Plate by  
Oneida Community—for Betty Crocker  
Soup Coupons, plus cost of handling  
and mailing. Build a set!

"Betty Crocker" is a trade name of General Mills

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# VIC HARDY'S CRIME CLUES

A mystery for  
YOU to solve!

A plea of innocence, often based upon a single incident which seems to be foolproof, may be a criminal's smokescreen. Instead of freeing him, it may prove him guilty.

Not long ago, at a time when a notorious bank robber was known to be in town, I received a telephone call from the president of the First National Bank. One of the bank messengers claimed that he had been robbed of an envelope containing pay roll money.

Fifteen minutes later I was in the private office of the bank president. The messenger was seated looking me. He looked nervous and upset.



I said to the bank messenger, "Tell me just what happened between the time you left the bank and the time of the holdup. The slightest detail may help us catch the criminal."



The messenger said, "I took my usual short cut through First Street. A man walked up behind me, pulled a gun into my ribs, and told me to hurry with his orders—or else."



"When he said, 'Hands up!' I obeyed so fast that my wrist hit hard against the stone wall of the building behind me. See—the skin is bruised. Then he took the money away from me."



Knowing a notorious bank robber was in town at the time, I considered the man's story plausible. Then, observing every detail, I went over his story—and realized he was lying.

**WHAT WAS THE CLUE THAT BETRAYED HIM?**



The bank messenger continued with his story. "He forced me to turn off into an alley on Fourth Street where there are very few people and there's not much automobile traffic."

## SCENARIO

you are very young American people, understand my language and know how to speak my language. I am going to tell you the story of the robbery and the man who was caught. I am going to tell you the story of the robbery and the man who was caught. I am going to tell you the story of the robbery and the man who was caught.



A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE

# ALASKAN RESCUE

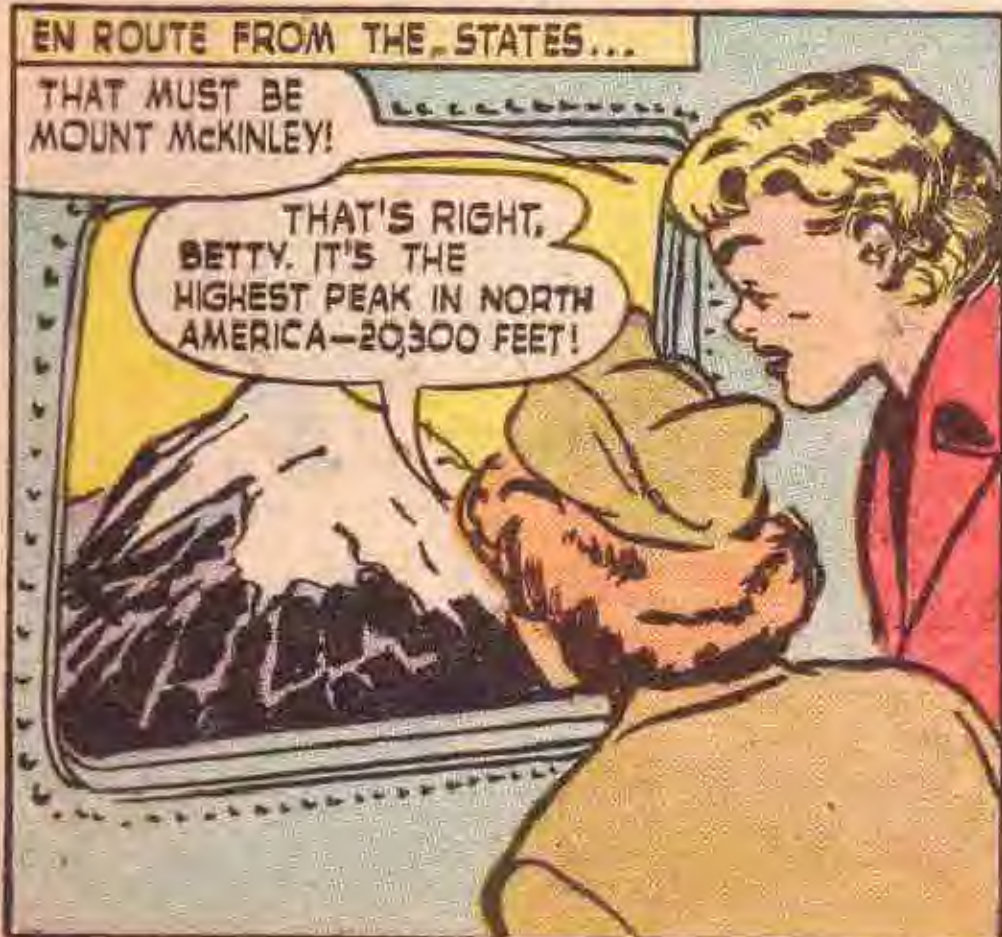


ALASKA—THE NEW RUGGED FRONTIER OF AMERICA—OFFERS BETTY A RUGGED AMERICAN ADVENTURE WHEN SHE LOOKS IN ON THE "ALASKAN TRAPPERS" CONTEST.

EN ROUTE FROM THE STATES...

THAT MUST BE MOUNT MCKINLEY!

THAT'S RIGHT, BETTY. IT'S THE HIGHEST PEAK IN NORTH AMERICA—20,300 FEET!



AND LOOK AT ALL THE OTHER MOUNTAINS NEARBY. ALASKA SURE LIVES UP TO THE AMERICAN TRADITION OF SIZE.





AT THE FAIRBANKS FIELD...

CONNIE! I THOUGHT  
I'D HAVE TO TRACK  
YOU DOWN IN THE  
WILDS!

I'VE GOT A  
SPECIAL REASON  
FOR COMING IN TO  
MEET YOU, BETTY!  
WELCOME TO AMERICA!



WHY—FAIRBANKS IS  
JUST LIKE MOST BIG  
AMERICAN TOWNS!

IT'S NOT QUITE SO  
CITIFIED OUT MY WAY!  
I CAN'T WAIT FOR YOU  
TO SEE THE LODGE!



CONNIE'S NEW HOME—BNUG LODGE NO. 36  
IN THE ALASKAN RANGE...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, CONNIE!  
WHAT'RE ALL THE  
FLAGS FOR?

THE BIG CONTEST  
TODAY—THAT'S MY  
SURPRISE FOR YOU!



YOU MEAN I'LL HAVE A  
RINGSIDE SEAT ON SOME  
REAL ALASKAN TRAPPING?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT  
A SEAT—UNLESS IT'S  
A CAKE OF ICE!



MEET RALPH CARTER—  
THE MAN I'M BETTING  
ON TO WIN THE  
CONTEST.

HOWDY, MISS  
FAIRFIELD! I'M  
PRETTY FRESH FROM  
THE STATES TOO—  
MONTANA!



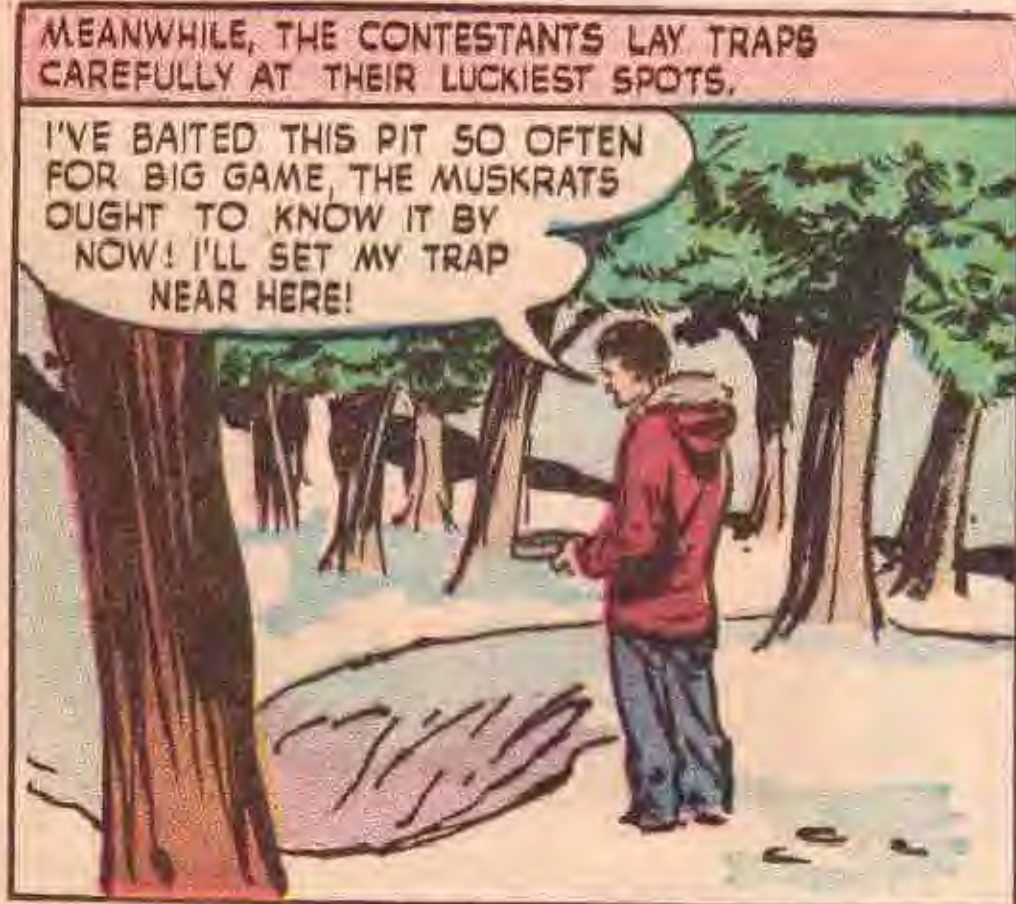
AS THE CONTEST BEGINS...

WHERE'RE YOU  
TRAPPING, RALPH?

SOUTH OF LAKE  
HECATE! GOT A  
LONG WALK AHEAD!









THE MOTHER BEAR SPRINGS FROM SNOW FLURRY AMBUSH.



OOF!  
MY ANKLE!



HOURS PASS... AND BACK AT THE LODGE...

RALPH WOULDN'T BE THIS LATE UNLESS SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO HIM!

IF YOU'RE OFF ON A RESCUE PARTY, CONNIE, I WANT TO GO TOO!



NEAR LAKE HECATE...

ONE GUESS IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER, BUT I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S THIS WAY!

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS SNOW, WE COULD SEE A TRAIL!



THERE'S HIS TRAP AND — A MOTHER BEAR!

BUT WHERE'S RALPH? LISTEN!



AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CREVASSE —

ARE YOU INJURED, RALPH? TIE THE ROPE AROUND YOU!

ANKLE SPRAINED A LITTLE!



A BATTLE OF NERVES, AS THE MOTHER BEAR EDGES CLOSER!

EASY DOES IT! KEEP AWAY FROM THAT CUB IF YOU CAN — SHE THINKS WE'RE GOING TO HURT IT.

OUR RIFLES ARE LOADED.

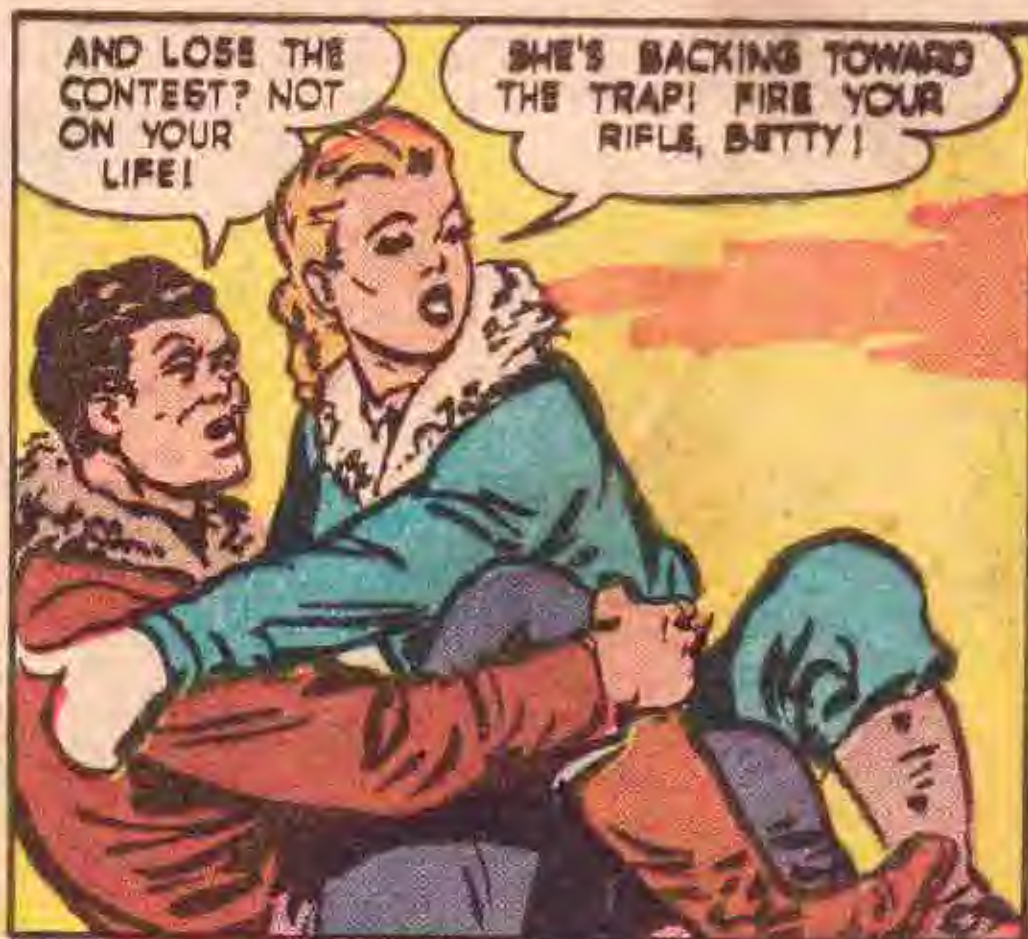






I'VE GOT A CAMOUFLAGED TRAP UNDER THAT TREE. IF WE CAN HEAD HER TOWARD IT.

WITH THAT ANKLE, YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE LODGE! WE CAN MAKE A BRANCH SLEIGH



AND LOSE THE CONTEST? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!

SHE'S BACKING TOWARD THE TRAP! FIRE YOUR RIFLE, BETTY!



SHE'S IN! NOW THE ROPE!



MY HOGTIEING EXPERIENCE IN MONTANA COMES IN HANDY SOMETIMES!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL JOB, RALPH.



THAT'LL HOLD HER TILL—HELLO! HERE'S THE RESCUE PARTY!

HI, FELLOWS! YOU CAN START IN BY RESCUING THAT BEAR!



LATER, A TRIUMPHANT PARTY TREKS FOR THE LODGE.

WELL, IT'S A SURE THING NONE OF THE OTHERS CAME BACK WITH A THOUSAND POUNDS.

THAT MEANS YOU WIN THE CONTEST, RALPH!



Dear Dad:  
The Super-Sweldest  
Christmas Present  
for me would be this  
NEW COLUMBIA BIKE!  
(signed).....

Look!  
15 Great  
FEATURES!

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- 3 New Speed-line Tank with electric horn and button.
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- 7 U. S. Royal or Good-year white wall tires.
- 8 Columbia Front Hub
- 9 Easy-Pedaling Crank Assembly, with dust caps. An exclusive!
- 12 Forward Drop-out Rear End Plates for easy wheel removal.
- 13 Lustrous Dupont Dufux Enamel Finish, enduring, baked-on.
- 14 Deluxe Reflector, bright aluminum housing.
- 15 Westfield Design Carrier. An exclusive.

★ ★ FIVE STAR SUPERB MODEL



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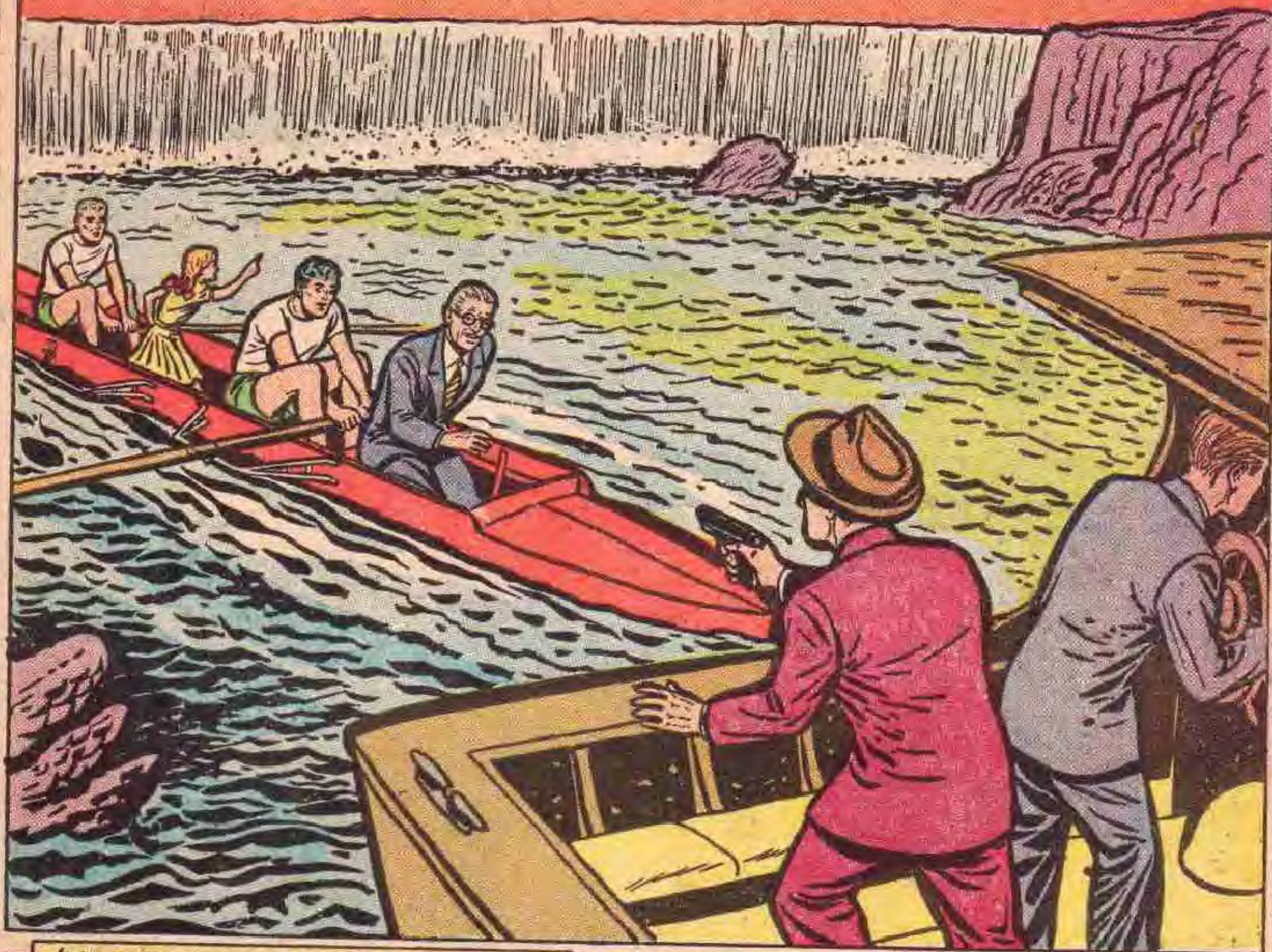
**Columbia**  
SINCE 1877  
AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE





A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

# RACE AGAINST DOOM



JACK AND BILLY ARE TAKING THEIR FINAL WORKOUT WITH THE CREW BEFORE THE BIG RACE WITH BRAYTON....

GOOD WORK, BOYS! THAT WAS THE BEST TIME YET!

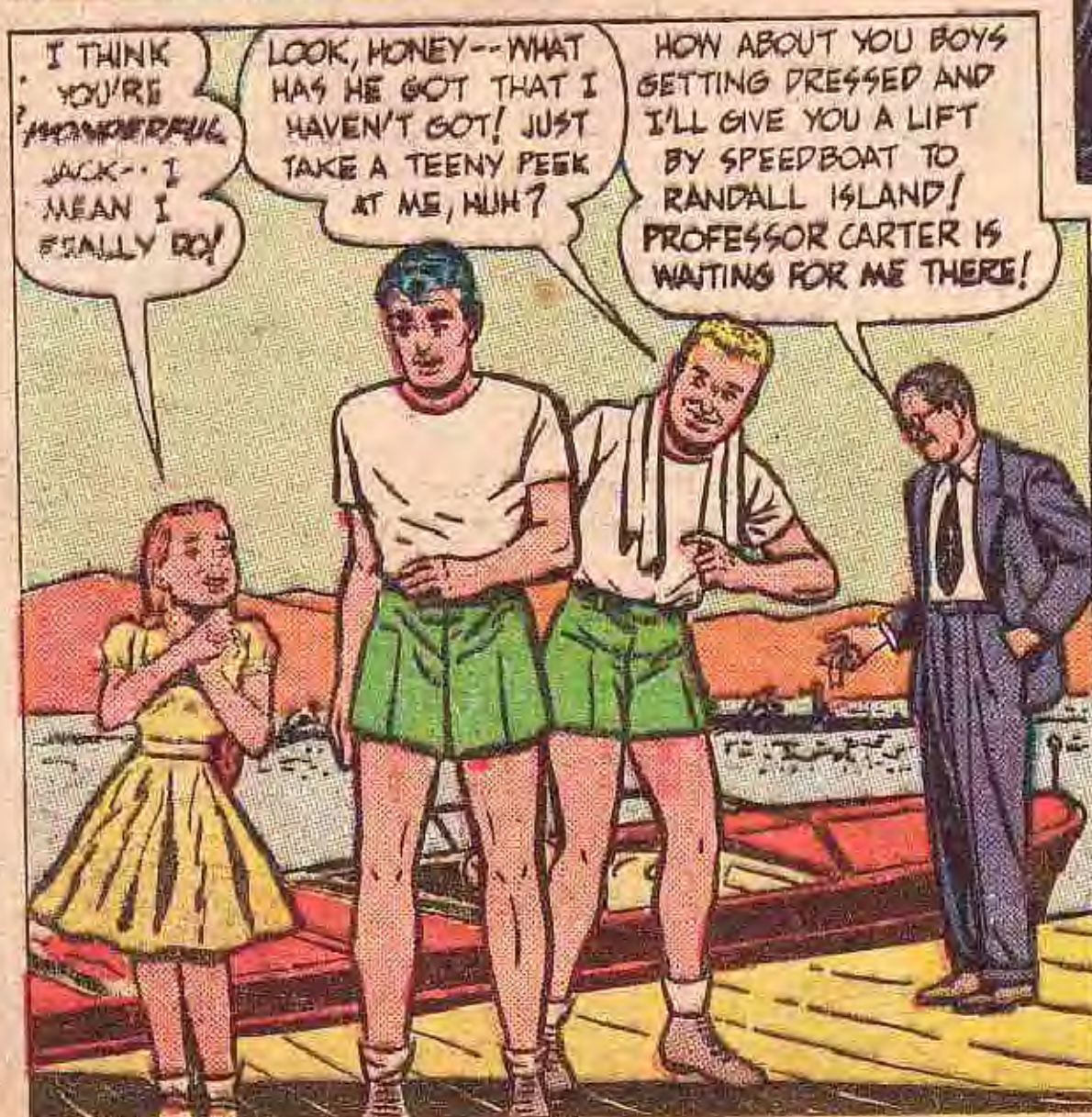
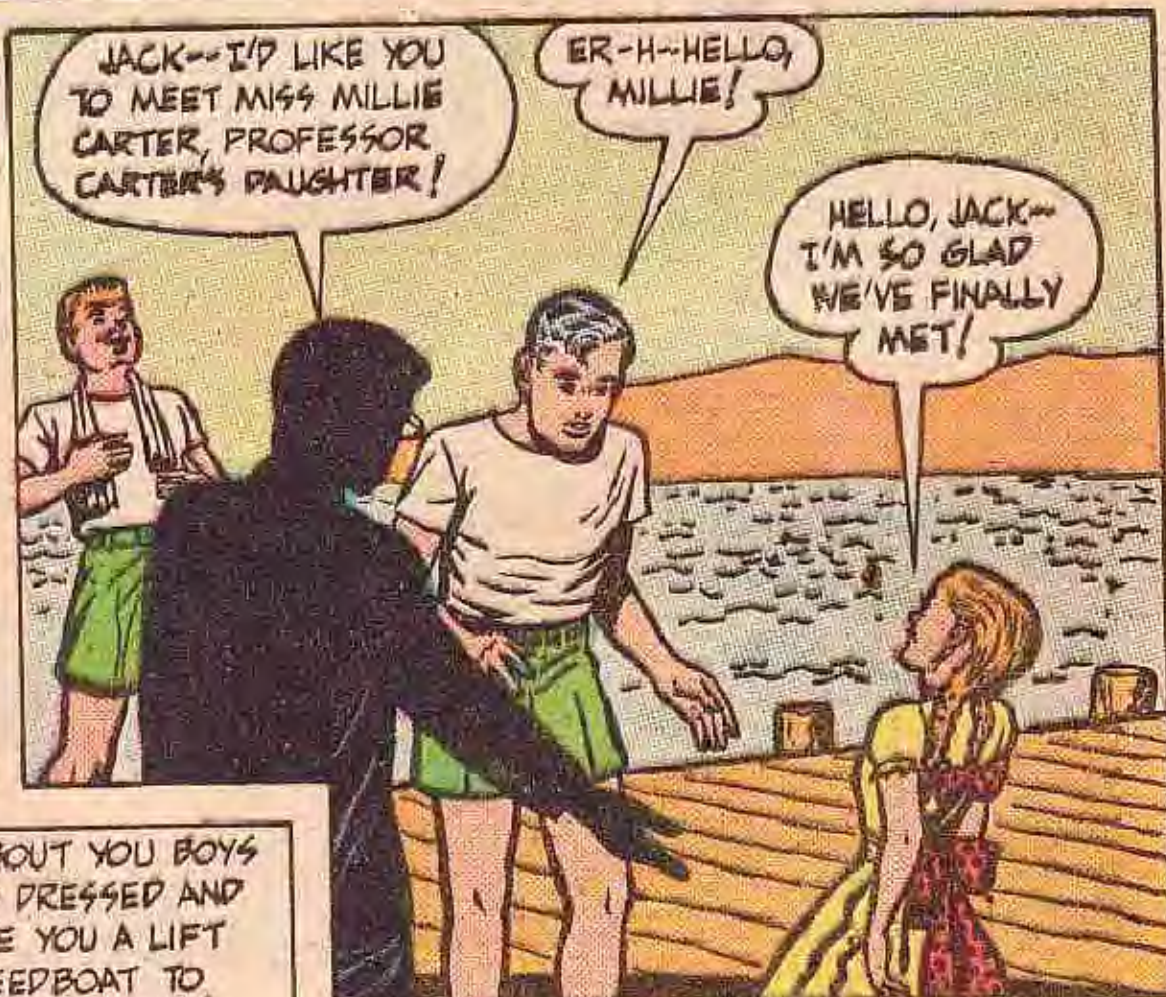
OARS UP!

YOU BOYS ARE FIT AND READY! THERE'S NOTHING MORE I CAN DO NOW! THE RACE TOMORROW IS IN YOUR HANDS AND I THINK ARMSTRONG WILL STROKE US TO VICTORY! TRY TO TAKE IT EASY UNTIL THE RACE! THAT'S ALL!

BILLY... LOOK! IT'S UNCLE JIM!

















HOURS LATER AT THE HOSPITAL... THE PROFESSOR ALONE REMAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

I HEARD A NOISE IN THE LAB, JIM! I--I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU! BUT THERE WERE SOME THUGS THERE-- THEY HAD THE PAPERS ABOUT THE EXPLOSIVE! ONE SLUGGED ME--- AND THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!

THEN SOMEBODY GOT WIND OF THE SECRET EXPLOSIVE! I GUESS THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD AND TOSSED YOUR BODY INTO THE WATER!



WE MUST GET THOSE FORMULA PAPERS BACK! SOME UNSCRUPULOUS MEN COULD DO A LOT OF DAMAGE WITH THOSE PAPERS! THAT EXPLOSIVE WAS ALMOST AS DEADLY AS THE ATOM BOMB!

UNCLE JIM! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!... IF WE CAN GET THE NEWSPAPERS TO COOPERATE!



goldenagecomics.co.uk jrez



WELL-- THE NEWSPAPERS DID THEIR SHARE-- NOW I HOPE THOSE RATS RISE TO THE BAIT! AND I'M GOING TO BE THE BAIT!



THOSE MEN WENT TO DESPERATE LENGTHS TO GET THAT FORMULA AND I HAVE AN IDEA THEY WON'T STOP UNTIL THEY GET THE CODE!

WELL, YOUNG MAN-- THAT'S THE IDENTICAL BANDAGE WORN BY THE PROFESSOR! ONCE IN BED NOBODY WILL BE ABLE TO TELL YOU APART!

THE NEWSPAPER'S LISTED THE HOSPITAL ROOM, JACK-- SO WE'VE MADE IT EASY FOR THEM TO FIND YOU! BUT THERE'S NO TELLING WHEN THEY'LL SHOW UP! THAT IS--- ASSUMING THEY DO!

BUT, JACK-- THE RACE! IT'S THIS AFTER-NOON!

I KNOW, BILLY! BUT THIS IS A LOT MORE IMPORTANT! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! I'M EXPECTING COMPANY!



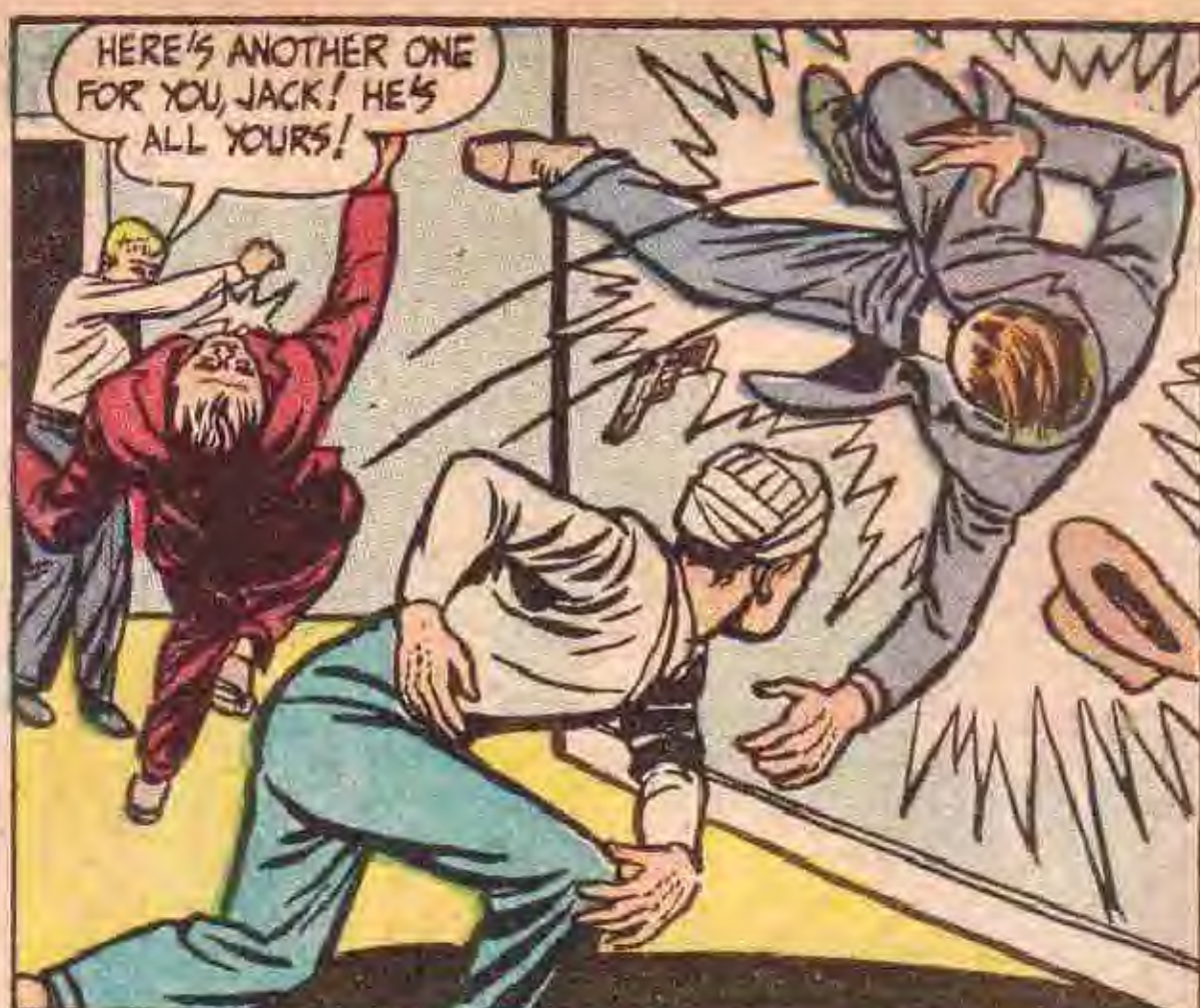
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Hour after hour passes... and Jack lies tensely in bed-- every nerve straining to hear the slightest noise. Then....









THE STARTING LINE OF THE CREW RACE AND THE GUN IS ABOUT TO GO OFF WHEN...





# JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE ALL-AMERICAN AWARD

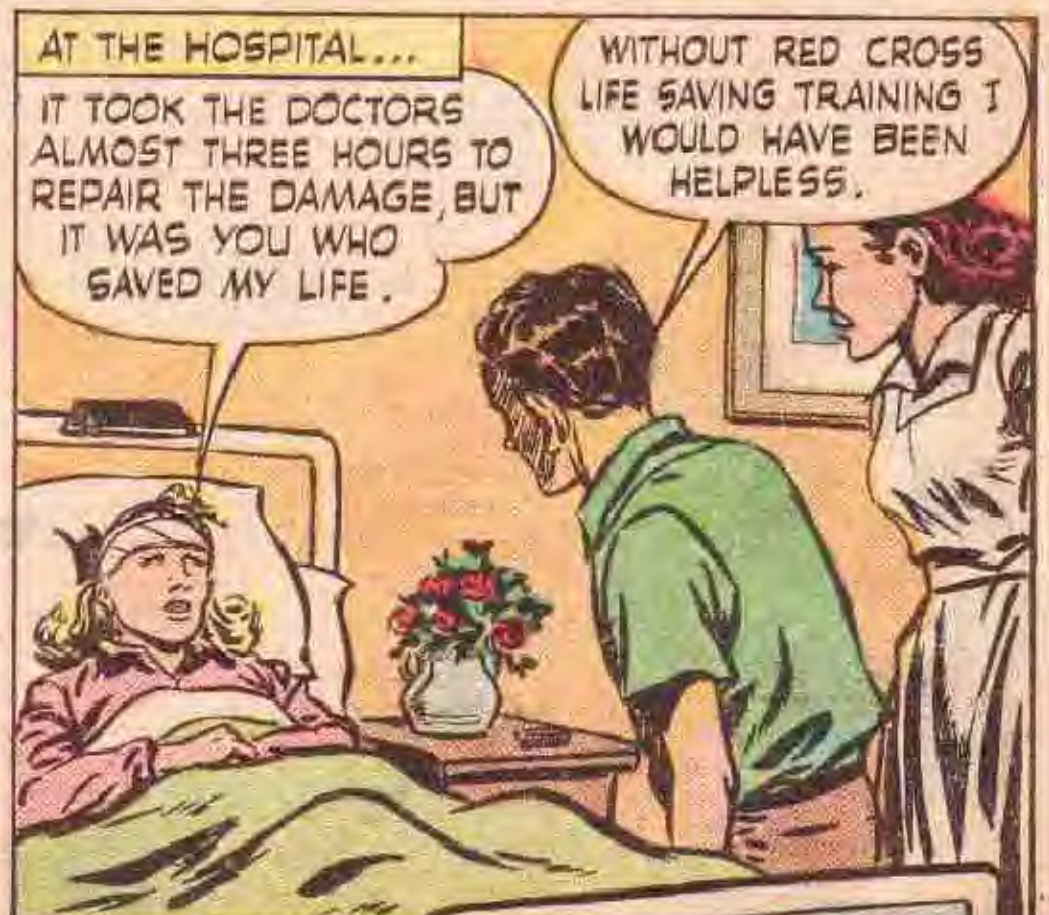
Based on information from the American Red Cross



**C**ITED by the American Red Cross for his quick action and ability in life saving, 17-year-old Stuart Schulthess wins additional recognition—the Jack Armstrong Magazine All-American Award—for his rescue of Jane Levin at Upper Greenwood Lake, New Jersey.

Stuart will be presented with the beautiful medal illustrated at left, engraved with his name. A shut-in youngster to be chosen by Stuart will receive a free one-year subscription to the Jack Armstrong Adventure Magazine.

A course in Red Cross water safety and life saving taken last winter by Stuart, a senior at Belleville High School, paid dividends when he saved the life of the 19-year-old girl.





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# RETURN OF THE OUTLAW

forget, I'll be watching you."

"Sure. I know when I'm covered proper." Lefty yawned, then walked to the kitchen stove and prepared his meal. With Arnie trailing him, he carried the food and coffee pot to the table. Arnie pulled the shotgun out of Lefty's reach and sat opposite him.

"That sure was good," the outlaw said when he finished. Leaning an elbow on the table and holding a half-filled cup loosely, he added, "You're a better sort than I figured. For a while—"

So quickly that Arnie barely saw the hand move, Blackburn whipped the cup toward him. The hot, blinding beverage splashed into his face. Jerking backward, he fired and heard the bullet rip the ceiling.

Before his eyes cleared, he felt Lefty up-end the table and crash it upon him. Dishes, coffee pot and shotgun bowled against his chest and lap, knocking him to the floor.

Striking hard, he lost his grip on the revolver and it whirled away. Through smarting eyes, he caught a glimpse of the outlaw springing at him.

Raising a leg, he jammed his boot heel into Blackburn's chest to break his lunge. The man hit the floor with a jarring crash, his left hand resting two feet from the six-shooter.

Arnie saw it the instant Blackburn realized his luck.

Grasping the only object within reach, Arnie gripped a round thing slanting across his chest—the muzzle of his shotgun. At that moment Lefty's hand snaked out for the revolver. Cat-like, Arnie spun over on his stomach. Using the barrel for a bat, he struck at the hand pointing the six-gun at his head. An eye-flash before the weapon spat fire, the .12-gauge cracked into Blackburn's fist, knocking the revolver across the room. The bullet tore into the wall behind Arnie.

Blackburn yelped with pain and, raising himself on one knee, lunged at his young foe. Arnie swung again, this time breaking the walnut stock into three pieces

against the outlaw's head.

Lefty Blackburn crumpled to the floor, unconscious.

Climbing to his feet unsteadily, Arnie stood gripping the gun barrel. He was aware then of his burning face and smarting eyes. Finally his glance fell upon his weapon and he thought regretfully, "My new shotgun . . . it's busted!" Then another worry prodded him. "I hit him awfully hard. I hope he isn't—dead."

**R**ED dawn fingered the ranch-house windows and crept across the floor seeking out the bulky figure of Lefty Blackburn. He lay wrapped like a cocoon in Arnie's fling line.

Watching from the doorway, Arnie saw three horsemen gallop down the muddy trail toward him. A smile crossed his blistered face as he recognized Sheriff Lennard in the lead.

They were still yards away when he called, "Dad got to Hyattville, didn't he? Is he O.K.?"

Reining in, the sheriff said, "Sure! Doc put him to bed."

"Why didn't you come sooner?" Arnie asked.

"The storm held us in Paintrock canyon and we didn't hear about Lefty being here until an hour ago." The sheriff glanced toward the Big Horns. "Did he head for the hills?"

"He didn't head anywhere. He's inside, tied up tight."

Incredulously, the peace officers dismounted and stalked into the ranch-house. They pulled up sharply when the outlaw groaned and squirmed to face them.

"Well, I'll be hog-tied!" Sheriff Lennard said. "Arnie, you did a right smart job of hobbling this critter. Yes, sir!"

"Wait a minute." Arnie bolted from the house, ran to the stable and returned with the outlaw's saddle bag full of bank loot.

Speechless, the sheriff scratched his head. Arnie went on, "I can't ride in with you because I've got a powerful heap of things to do. But you tell Dad not to worry. I'll be along to look after him just as soon as I finish the chores."

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BANTAMWEIGHT... **MANUEL ORTIZ!** ORTIZ FIRST GAINED RECOGNITION AS BANTAMWEIGHT CHAMP IN AUGUST, 1942, OUTPOINTING LOU SALICA IN 12 ROUNDS. FIVE YEARS LATER, IN HIS 16TH DEFENSE OF THE TITLE, HE LOST IT... TO SPIDER DADE! BUT, NOT LONG AFTER, ORTIZ REGAINED THE TITLE IN A FAST, EXCITING BOUT... AND HE STILL HAS IT UNDER CONTROL







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